

A  
Pastoral Dialogue.

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A  
P O E M.

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——— *Liberius sꝛ*  
*Dixero quid, sꝛ forte Jocosus, Hoc mihi juris*  
*Cum Veniâ dabis.* Hor.

*Vincit Amor Patriæ.* Virg.

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*Minot fund*

P O F M

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# PREFACE.

**I** Could heartily have wish'd there had been no Occasion offer'd; or Subject-matter for an Essay of this kind. After so happy and wonderful a Revolution as we have seen, when our Hopes were grown desperate, and our Liberty reduc'd to its very last gasp, to have the only Remedy in Nature so effectually apply'd, so miraculous a Recovery perform'd; after all this, to find English-men, and such as pretend to no other Interest or Religion but That of their Country; to find Them expressing Dissatisfaction, everywhere busie in sowing Dissention, obstructing, as far as in them lies, the Progress of Affairs, and unbinging the present Settlement (upon which alone depends the Safety of these Nations, and common Quiet of Europe); This is so just a Cause of Indignation, as must make every Lover of his Countrey to turn Satyrist, or, at least, excuse the honest Zeal of such as upon this Occasion express their Resentments. To be unconcern'd for a Man's Country, is the worst want of natural Affection: A Crime reputed so heinous amongst the more generous Heathens, that it divested the indulgent Brutus of all Compassion on his Sons, whom he submitted to the extremity of Punishment, for making Commotions in the new Settlement of the Roman Liberty.

---Gnatosque Pater nova Bella moventes  
In Poenam dulci pro Libertate vocabit.



## P R E F A C E.

*In tracing the Occasions of the late Disturbances and Discontents of the State, I was unwillingly brought within the Verge of the Church. There is no Man that has a greater Veneration for the Sacred Function and Order, or the Discipline and Worship by Law establish'd; neither does the Passive Principle it self, that has so nearly endanger'd the Shipwreck both of State and Church, derive its source from the pure Fountain of our Reformation: 'Twas a new-sprouted Tail of the Dragon, that swept many of our Stars; tho but few of the First Magnitude; most whereof recover'd themselves as soon as they were sensible of the Consequence.*

\* Letter to a Dissenting Clergy-man.

\* For my own part (says one) I am so little assur'd of altering my Opinion in this matter, that I think I have nothing to blush for, but that I no sooner discover'd my Error, and the ungrateful and odious use that was design'd to be made of it. *The Number is but small of such as still adhere to the Prejudice of their Education under a Government, whose business it was to debauch our Principles, and dispose us for the Slavery that was to be brought upon us.*

*What I have touch'd concerning Penal Impositions on Conscience, and the Nicene Assembly, (amongst whom were many Persons that preserv'd the Primitive Character), I must for the Consequence refer you to the Testimony of Church-Historians; instancing only one Passage in St. Hilary, who gives us this Account: Conficii sumus quod post Nicænam Synodum nihil aliud quam Fidem scribimus, dum in Verbis pugna est, dum de novitatibus quæstio est, dum de Ambiguis Occasio est, dum de Authoribus querela est, dum de studiis certamen est, dum in Consensu difficultas est, dum Alter Alteri Anathema esse capit*



## P R E F A C E.

capit prope jam nemo Christi est, &c. Tandem eo processum est ut neque penes nos, neque penes quenquam, ante nos Sanctum exinde aliquid perseveret; annuas atque menstruas de Deo fides decernimus, decretis poenitemus, poenitentes defendimus, defensos Anathematizamus, aut in nostris aliena, aut aliena in nostris damnamus, & mordentes invicem, jam absumpti sumus ab invicem.

*I cannot better make my Apology, than in the words of a late Writer upon this Occasion, who says, It is not their declaring their Opinion (wherein they seem to me to have light upon the Truth, if they had likewise upon the Measure) that could have moved me to speak with this liberty, but their imposing what was not contain'd in express words of Scripture, under Spiritual and Civil Penalties, contrary to the Privilege of Religion, and making a Precedent, follow'd and improv'd by all succeeding Ages, for most Cruel Persecutions.*

*There is no Person so obscure or inconsiderable, but might have observed our most zealous Protestants, both Church-men and Dissenters, to have been all along Properties to the Common Enemy; so visible have been the Triumphs and Insultings of Roman Emissaries upon the Animosities they have sown amongst us, and of which they reckon'd shortly to reap the Harvest.*

*The Unreasonableness (that is to say, the Impossibility) of Force in matters of meer Conscience and Opinion, has demonstrated it self through all Ages. Our Dissenters have had their Faults, and they have suffer'd: Neither is it the least Blessing amongst those Great and Many that seem to be reserv'd for His  
present*

## P R E F A C E.

*present Majesty's Reign; That we do not yet despair of a Comprehension. His Majesty has, with more than Constantine's Piety, signaliz'd His Royal Inclination; the ablest of our Spiritual Guides are zealous Endeavourers for it: and That (amongst other weighty Reasons) for the True Interest and Inviolable Security of the Church Establish'd: Which, as it influences the Publick Happiness, it is the Duty of ev'n the meanest Lay-man to be solicitous for it. And this Privilege, at least, I may plead for what I have said;*

For common quiet is Mankinds Concern. *Relig. Lai.*

*Now as to your Censure of this Essay as a Poem, I have that Indifference which is necessary for an ill Writer. If it have the least degree of Art or Beauty, the Judicious will not miss of it: Otherwise, I have seldom known a Reader barangu'd into a favourable Opinion against his Conscience. The Nature of the Dialogue oblig'd me for the most part to Expressions that were familiar, and Sermoni propiora. You will find it but preliminary to a more agreeable Subject, if any Pitch of Zeal can warrant so mean a Talent in the Faculty as Mine, for the Undertaking.*

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A

# Pastoral Dialogue.

A

## P O E M.

**N**ear *Isis* Spring, the Muses poor Retreat;  
*Palamon* dwelt in his unenvied Seat;  
 Whose little, but Hereditary Soil,  
 Answer'd his mod'rate Hopes, if not his Toil,  
 For Nature's Wants did modestly provide,  
 Content and Innocence the Rest supply'd.  
 His Years declin'd, his Thoughts their Manly Fire  
 Preserv'd, advancing as his Days retire.  
 None better knew or practis'd in his Cell  
 The chaste Delights that in Retirement dwell,  
 That scorn the Golden Mansions of the Proud,  
 And fly the Haunts of the unhallow'd Crowd;  
 Betimes he shunn'd the beaten Roads of Strife,  
 And found the secret Track to peaceful Life.



Too blest, if while his private Cares did cease  
 No Fears had seiz'd him for his Countrey's Peace ;  
 So strong the Guard of Vertues which he chose,  
 Fate had no other way to his Repose.  
 Religion He, and Loyalty, held dear ;  
 Bigot in neither, tho in both Sincere,  
 In ev'ry Course by Truth and Sense did steer :  
 Did gen'rously his Rules for Practice draw  
 From Sacred Writ, and uncorrupted Law.  
 Of Church and Court th' Encroachments did survey ;  
 In Priests and States-men found the same foul play ;  
 Both Functions saw alike by Int'rest sway'd,  
 Both grown a Cheat, for both were grown a Trade.

*Philander*, whom the Muses Charms had mov'd,  
 By learn'd *Palemon*'s Rules his Vein improv'd,  
 And next the Muses his *Palemon* lov'd.  
 His awful Steps with rev'rend distance trac'd,  
 Silence and sacred Poverty embrac'd.  
 His sole Ambition to compose some Lay  
 That might to Britain's *Pollio* force its way,  
 From his sharp-judging Patron gain a Smile,  
 And of an Hour the waiting State beguile.  
 In this alone he wrong'd the Publick-Weal,  
 For which no Swain confess a warmer Zeal.

Opprest with Thought, one Ev'ning he repairs  
 With his *Palemon* to concert his Cares :

Just then returning from his Ev'ning's Round  
 (His Farm's short Bounds) the good old Swain he found,  
 Who in his Arms brought Home a New-ea'd Lamb,  
 A Firftling, but forsaken by its Dam.  
 The Youth with that unkindly Omen struck,  
 To vent his pensive Thoughts occasion took,  
 and thus began —

PHILANDER.

——— The same Disorder reigns  
 Amongst our Flocks that has possess'd our Swains,  
 Perversly both to their own Hopes unkind,  
 Expose their tender Comforts to the Wind:  
 But lately 'twas that ev'ry Shepherd Sung,  
 While with the gen'ral Glee the Valleys rung,  
 As Nature had renew'd, and fresh Creation sprung;  
 Each Muse to the Restorer tun'd her Lyre,  
 Their only and almost despair'd Desire.  
 They sung, How in his Belgick-Seat he lay,  
 Silent as Night, but watchful as the Day;  
 His sure, but secret Councils did advance  
 To check the Progress of encroaching France,  
 While Belgia did the Tyrants summons wait,  
 And Britain from the Continent disjoin'd,  
 No Safety in her Seas embrace could find,  
 Not Britain knew to shun the common Fate.  
 To Bondage sold, despairing to be freed  
 The servile Contract her own Act and Deed.

Her Roman Masters at their Conquest smile;  
 Secure in Hopes, they cante out the Ill.  
*Palæmon*, you must needs remember well  
 That ruthful Season which you could foretel,  
 To Unbelievers preach't, who mourn'd too late  
 Their *Trojan* Fathers Folly, and their Fate.  
 If just Disdain will suffer, call to mind  
 How in that pensive Time  
 Our Swains at their own handy-work repin'd,  
 And curs'd their Tillage to new Lords assign'd;  
 Wish'd Blight and Mildews on their gen'rous Soil,  
 E're Lubber-Priests shou'd batten on the Spoil,  
 And Consecrated Sloth devour their Toil.  
 By Husbandmen of yore forwarn'd the Harm;  
 No Caterpillars like a sacred Swarm.  
 The vile Remembrance we can scarce support,  
 How Vermin to our Palace did resort,  
 And Nations purg'd their Scum into our Court.  
 The Rogue was qualify'd for Magistrate,  
 Tribunals then were Shambles of the State.  
 We suffer'd much, and Fear suggested more,  
 Till Ruine should o'whelm our fenceless Shore,  
 We heard the near advancing Billows Roar.  
 With ev'ry Gust th' impetuous Tide came on,  
 Our Sluces open'd, and our Moundings gone,  
 When Tyranny with Sword high-brandish'd stood,  
 And Zeal, the worst of Fiends, for seeming good,

The



The Monster now confest with darterd Claws;  
And lick'd for Thirst of Blood her frothy Jaws.

'Twas then *Fame's* Voice did first our Coasts surprize;

(A Voice like that shall bid the Dead to rise.)

That brave *NASSAW* approach'd to our Relief:

With Joy as Speechless as our former Grief

The Tidings we receiv'd, with early Eyes,

Preventing Day, we watch'd the Eastern Skies;

At last the Hero came, the long expected Guest,

As from a present Deity

The conscious Monsters fly,

The Specters vanish'd, and the Land had Rest.

*PALÆMON.*

Unparallel'd in Story was the Change!

But nothing, where such Vertue works, is strange.

*PHILANDER.*

Then tell me, good *Palemón*, whence this Cloud  
Of Discontent, that do's our Morning shroud?

Can we so soon grow sick of Happiness,

So soon suspect the Blessings we possess?

The Reasons of this stupid Change relate,

Our Fault or Lott, our Folly or our Fate.

*PALÆMON.*

Too soon we slept, and let the watchful Foe,  
Before our Wheat was sprung, his Darnel sow.

*PHILANDER.*

A disappointed Foe you cannot blame,

At once by Int'rest urg'd Revenge and Shame.

Think not a losing Gamester will be fair,

Who at his Best ne're play'd upon the Square.

C

*PALÆ.*

## PALÆMON.

Rome's Frauds are now of such an ancient Date,  
 The Harlot pleads her Priviledg to cheat.  
 Her holy Panders too you must forgive,  
 Who keep her Trading up, by which they live.  
 The Ghostly Pimps must starve, or else combine  
 For her Support, the State to undermine.  
 Necessity sways Here with some Pretence,  
 To Right Divine -- at least to common Sense:  
 But who that unintelligible Wight  
 Can e're decipher, call'd a JACOBITE?  
 (The Appellation he with Pride do's claim,  
 Nor will I grutch him the Auspicious Name)  
 How shall we him define, who ne're could find  
 The Sentiments of his own Wayward Mind?  
 Foe to his Own, and to his Country's Ease,  
 And whom no Colour of Affairs can please:  
 For, trust him with the Pow'r he do's aspire,  
 With mad Career he drives into the Mire;  
 While grov'ling there, in woful Plight he lies,  
 He wearies Earth and Heav'n with restless Cries.  
 Assist the Wretch, and place him on firm Land,  
 He'll curse the Friendly unexpected Hand.

## PHILANDER.

How dismal were your State, ye murr'ring Race,  
 Shou'd your own fatal Wishes once take place?  
 But Heav'n, and God-like Kings, their Grace extend,  
 And ev'n to save th' Ingrateful, condescend.

PALÆMON.

Ah! what can Heav'n, and God-like Kings devise,  
For their Relief? what Charm unseal their Eyes,  
Whom common Danger warns not to be Wise?

PHILANDER.

Yet, good *Palemon*, lest the Plague encrease,  
Mark out and brand the Troublers of our Peace.

PALÆMON.

The Faction a meer Hydra you will find,  
Whose different Aspects to one Trunk are join'd,  
Of Humane Form, but all of Serpent-kind.  
Some hiss and murmur, whom no Schemes of Law  
Can please, but what their own wild Notions draw;  
Nor would ev'n these content the Changlings long.  
Others by Sympathy affect the wrong,  
To Errour by Impulse of Nature led,  
Like Dungeon Toads on poyſnous Vapours fed,  
'Mongst Caitiffs, who had sold for Stated Sums  
Their Country, summon'd now to hasty Dooms.  
They who had longest Trusted, most repin'd,  
Discarded Knaves, to want and shame consign'd,  
The Drudg'ry past, their dear ~~Arms~~ behind.  
For Envy some revile, who wanted Heart  
In the bold Scene to bear a timely Part.  
Some who nor Prince nor Providence dare trust,  
Cautious how they too soon the Foe disgust,  
Decry the Cause, of present Grace assur'd,  
And wisely for another Turn secur'd.

Some



Some sleepy Sotts, born swiftly down the Stream,  
 Wake, Stare, and think the wondrous Change a Dream.  
 Some who had lent their helping-hand; recoil;  
 For want of Business, their own work they spoil;  
 Fall off, as they came on, they knew not why;  
 Start any Game, and they'll pursue the Cry.  
 Mistaken Politicks did some incense;  
 And some found fault for honest Want of Sense;  
 The frailer Souls (for when were Women wise?)  
 Give ear to murm'ring Fiends suggested Lyes,  
 Fair glaz'd to cheat 'em of their Paradise.

*PHILANDER.*

But Man methinks his Reason thou'd recal,  
 Not let frail Woman work his second Fall.

*PALÆMON.*

The Sex to censure were unjust and rude;  
 The Foe has few to boast beside the Lewd.  
 To spiritual Whore-mongers let Whores be kind,  
 Their carnal Harlotry were too confin'd,  
 Without the Fornication of the Mind.

Rank next the giddy Thoughtless Lawless Rout,  
 The Atheist, and mistakenly Devout;  
 Bigots whose cross-grain'd Piety loose-rid,  
 Starts, Flounces, Kicks  
 Tame Asses when by Tyrants th'are bestrid.

*PHILANDER.*

Ah! when did Mischief in the State begin,  
 Where Conscience did not for her Thare come in?

*PALÆ.*

Mark the whole Chain of Publick Woes, you'll find  
The last Link still to the Priest's Girdle join'd.

*Pan* prosper me, as I the Function hold  
Most Sacred, and the Watchmen of the Fold ;  
But hate the Shepherds who their Labour spare,  
To Hirelings leave their Flocks, their only Care  
To call at Sheering-time for an ungodly Share :  
Fleece-warm, and with an *Amaryllis* sped,  
They Pipe and Feast, and jocund Measures tread,  
While their lean Sheep look up, and are not fed.  
Nor care which way, make but the stipend large,  
Through Door or Breach they climb into the Charge.  
Profit with them is Grace's loudest Call ;  
Preferment's Sacred, let the Blessing fall  
From a Court-Mistress, or a Priest of *Baal*.

PHILANDER.

From hence, from this corrupted Fountain's Head,  
The poyson'd Stream of *Passive Nonsense* spread :  
Divines of Fortune, to deserve their Pay  
From Court, the People to the Prince betray ;  
With Fire and Lough-Bells for his Service set,  
To awe the Partridge, while he spreads his Net ;  
To honest Self-Defence Damnation give,  
And ring their constant Peal, PREROGATIVE.

PALÆMON.

While elder Chanticleers, and more inspir'd,  
To sound the Spiritual Watch alone aspir'd,

D

Our

Our young and dapper Brood of forward Chicks  
 No sooner Perch, but scream out POLITICKS.  
 Grown Parish-Cocks, each in his Barn can crow  
 Against tame Fowl, but Cravens to the Foe;  
 Plump, richly-plum'd, and of the Treading Strain,  
 They strut amongst their Hens, and spread their pompous Train.

P H I L A N D E R.

Ah! had the *Passive Systeme* no support,  
 Beside the Cock'ril-Clergy of the Court?  
 The Church long since had lent the Cause her Hand,  
 But awful Names, and such as bore Command,  
 Too far, too long indulg'd the sickly Dream;  
 Peace springs; but while reserv'd those Leaders seem,  
 The Herd gaze on, and dare not taste the Stream.

P A L E M O N.

Enough: If Great Examples may prevail,  
 Our brightest Stars have scap'd the *Dragon's Tail*;  
 Have own'd Heav'n's Cause, and took their *Michael's* Part,  
 Nor e'r from Free-born Truth's Defence did start;  
 Whose sense no *Gorgons*, no *Chimera's* charm,  
 To hang dead Weights on their Restorer's Arm;  
 Who ne'r to slavish Principles gave way,  
 That would Religion, Church and State betray:  
 From Ancient Sanctions still their Measures drew;  
 And, tho they soar'd not with the Modern Crew,  
 EUSEBIA ne'r cou'd boast of Sons more True.  
 In this bright List let that Learn'd Champion come,  
 EUSEBIA's Glory, and the Scourge of *Rome*;

Whose



Whose piercing Wit to all her Frauds gave light,  
 The deep-engender'd Births of Papal Night.  
 The Fiends, who long secure in Darkness lay,  
 Shrunk from his Beams, and yell'd at sight of Day.  
 Of num'rous Champions can EUSEBIA boast;  
 But This the Leader of the Sacred Host.

P H I L A N D E R.

Yet equal Praise to that Learn'd Pastor give,  
 Of Modern Skill, and Meekness Primitive;  
 But bold in Fight, with Arguments concise,  
 He lightens in the Eyes of *Rome* and Vice:  
 With Wonder Men, with Triumph Angels see  
 His blameless Life, from Pride and Passion free;  
 No Priest more frank the Ghostly Counsel gives;  
 No Lay-man with more lib'ral Hand relieves;  
 Unpractis'd in the worldly Shepherds Guile,  
 His Life's whole business is to Reconcile;  
 His very Aspect breaths an Air of Grace  
 So mild, he carries Gospel in his Face.

P A L E M O N.

How shall EUSEBIA then her self excuse,  
 Whose Builders cou'd this Corner-stone refuse?

P H I L A N D E R.

Yet ev'n th'unjust Repulse his Worth confess'd,  
 Rejected by the *Many*, not the *Best*.

P A L E M O N.

Ah! without Envy let the Truth be told,  
 Such as ne'r knew the Shepherds Staff to hold  
 Fear'd MODERATION wou'd set ope the Fold.

P H I-

P H I L A N D E R.

Oft have I found, while I my Sheep did guide  
 To Pastures sweet, the friendly Gate set wide,  
 They freely enter'd, and my Crook obey'd;  
 But still of narrow Inlets were afraid;  
 Or if a Bridge too streight they spy'd afore,  
 Wou'd rather take the Stream, than venture o'r.  
 But say, What prejudice had thence ensu'd,  
 Had they receiv'd the separate Multitude?  
 Was ever Shepherd yet a Foe to Peace,  
 Or e'r repin'd to see his Flock increase?

P A L Æ M O N.

The Fold set ope, had gain'd more *Sheep*, 'tis true,  
 But had withal receiv'd more *Shepherds* too,  
 Who with new Stewards diligence at first  
 (If not for Conscience-sake) their Flocks had nurs'd;  
 Our Loiterers from hence foresaw their Doom,  
 When none but painful Pastors cou'd have room.  
 This made 'em rave like Men on Ruin's brink,  
 And cry, The Deluge comes, stop ev'ry Chink,  
 Shut fast the Door, or else the Ark will sink.  
 To lose one useless Peg did Shipwreck seem,  
 And ev'ry rotten Rafter was a Beam.

P H I L A N D E R.

Let question'd Beauties owe their Charms to Dress,  
 E U S E B I A's Frame does all that's Fair possess;  
 Too gawdy Tire but makes a Matron scorn'd,  
 Let mild E U S E B I A shine  
 A Firmament by her own Stars adorn'd.

P A

## PALÆMON.

Yet Meteors to the Firmament may rise,  
 And Comets Pestilent invade the Skies;  
 'Twas so of old.-----  
 Their Influence in first Ages did appear.  
 Bright and untroubled shone the Church's Sphere,  
 Till Sons of Vengeance got th'Ascendent there.  
 In petty Factions first her Stars engag'd,  
 Till War broke out, and Persecution rag'd.  
 This Pest, by *Constantine's* warm Summer bred,  
 At once through all th'infected Clergy spread.  
 The bloody Paths had long in vain been trod,  
 Till Heathen Princes, tir'd, threw down the Rod;  
 Ambitious Priests the Utensil to burn  
 Thought pity, till themselves had took their turn,  
 And persecuting by more dextrous Rules,  
 Prov'd *Maximine* and *Dioclesian* Fools.  
 'Twas *Rooting up God's Heritage* before,  
 While Magistrates the Iron Scepter bore:  
 In Them the Exercise, tho more severe,  
 Was *Discipline*, and *Ecclesiastick Care*.

## PHILANDER.

For Church or State on Conscience to impose,  
 Must wider make the Breach they think to close:  
 And he that Fetters wou'd for Reason find,  
 May shackle the Sun-beams, and grasp the Wind,  
 Which no restraints of Human Laws will know,  
 But where and when they please will shine or blow.  
 But Truth should bind; And your Opinion's true,  
 And erring Judgments should submit to you, E I grant



I grant.-----

But first you must convince by Reason's Light,  
 That They *mistake*, and You are in the *right*:  
 Where You mistake, and They the Truth may hit,  
 Will you to your own Rule of Force submit?  
 You'll plead the Privilege They urg'd before,  
 Conviction crave, and They demand no more.  
 Conviction clear the Soul can only win;  
 With Club or Hammer try to force the Pin,  
 The Brains you may beat out, ne'r drive the Notion in,  
 Absurd the Zeal that Gospel's Pow'r promotes  
 'Gainst Gospel Laws, and Peace by cutting Throats;  
 That Faith to plant does Charity disband,  
 And break for *doubtful Truths* a *clear Command*.  
 Since first this Pest the Christian World annoy'd,  
 Since Persecuting Pow'r the Church enjoy'd,  
 Zeal marr'd Religion, *Creeds* the *Faith* destroy'd.

P A L E M O N.

Where Rome bears sway, bid Laws Divine farewell,  
 And Human Rights t'assert, is to Rebel.  
 Speak, suffering Witness, I appeal to Thee,  
 Thou First Apostle of our Liberty,  
 Condemn'd to Stripes. Thy Crime? Thou didst presume  
 To write 'gainst *Arbitrary Pow'r* and *Rome*;  
 Didst *Inferences* of *strange Treason* draw,  
 And say, 'Twas *Legal* to defend the *Law*.  
 Thy envious Foes no other Crimes could urge,  
 And to confute thy *Pen*, produc'd the *Scourge*.

PHILANDER.

You mention'd *Constantine*, in whose mild Reign  
 The harass'd Church did first her Freedom gain,  
 When Priests secure to Bishopricks aspir'd,  
 Without First-Fruits of Martyrdom requir'd :  
 Tell me, How then could Cruelty intrude ?  
 How came the Persecuting Plague renew'd ?

PALEMON.

Lust, Riot, Avarice, Ambition, Strife,  
 Are Bastard-off-springs of too peaceful Life.  
 With nice Disputes the wanton Priests began,  
 To Envy next, and wild Confusion ran ;  
 Wou'd Mysteries too curiously enquire,  
 That first rais'd Smoke, then set the Church on fire.  
 From brangling *Arrius* the first Fire-brand came.

PHILANDER.

But *Constantine* took care to quench the Flame.

PALEMON.

The *Nicene* Fathers, summon'd to decide  
 The Strife, instead of Lenitives apply'd,  
 Too late convinc'd th'indulgent Emperour  
 How fatal 'twas to trust a Priest with Pow'r.

PHILANDER.

The pious Prince, to do th' Assembly Grace,  
 Refus'd (I've heard) Himself to take his place  
 Till they were far — 'Twas favour ill apply'd,  
 If such Behaviour taught the Doctors Pride.

PALÆMON.

Then having, as a Christian Monarch ought,  
First burnt th'Invectives which the Fathers brought  
Against each Other, and for Union press'd,  
Thus to the Council he himself address'd :

God made you Priests, and God alone can be  
Your Judge ; Rest therefore from my Censure free ;  
No Man shou'd judge of Gods, and You are Gods to Me.

PHILANDER.

When Princes yield, the Prelate must prevail.

PALÆMON.

When e'r did Priest to take Advantage fail ?  
Forthwith Church-Censures flew as thick as Hail :  
The *Arrian* Systeme to just flames assign'd,  
And *Nicene Creed* with Penalties enjoyn'd.  
They fix'd not Here ; but for each trifling Cause  
The Mettal try'd of their new Penal Laws.  
Think how each Victor went triumphant home,  
With Titles swell'd too bulky for his Dome,  
From Council Orthodox and Catholick ;  
Each Hare that cross'd him was an *Heretick*.  
And if his Horse but stumbl'd in his way,  
Th'erroneous Beast incur'd th' *Anathema*.

PHILANDER.

Yet, since they squar'd by Rules of Sacred Writ  
Their Symbol, you to their Decrees submit ?

P A



## PALÆMON.

I own what ere the Sacred Books contain,  
 Can Mysteries believe, though not explain ;  
 Have none in Footsteps of first Martyrs trod,  
 And dy'd for Truth, who ne'r conceiv'd the Mode:  
 Brand such as won't to Truths reveal'd agree,  
 But Penalties on such as cannot see  
 What others can, is Breach of Charity.  
 Had Charity in Synods interpos'd,  
 The Seamless Garments Breach had soon been clos'd,  
 Which to repair the wrangling Doctors try'd,  
 ( While Metaphyicks sacred Truths decide )  
 And by ill-botching made the Rent more wide ;  
 But they had now learnt Sciences, and must  
 To their own Fame, as well as Truth be Just.  
 Would Mysteries, not like Mechanicks know,  
 But both the *en* and *disen* show ;  
 Were subtle School-men grown, and to agree,  
 Had Scandal been to their *Philosophy*.

## PHILANDER.

But tell me, did these Clouds the Faith invade,  
 When first whole Nations were its Converts made?

## PALÆMON.

The Faith shone clear till School-Terms, rais'd like Mists,  
 Favour'd the Juggles of Imposing Priests ;  
 And Councils having Scripture Bounds o're-past,  
 Advanc'd to forging of New Creeds at last ;

F

Which

Which by the *Hocus* of *Infallible*,  
 Went down so glib the Difference few could tell,  
 The Priest's Turn better serv'd, and pleas'd the Crowd as well;  
 They heard how their Redeemer at his Death  
 Did Sacred Legacies to all bequeath,  
 Which if they'd now inspect, and had the Skill,  
 The Church into her Hands had got the Will;  
 For now the Laity were left i'th' Lurch,  
 Th' Encroaching Clergy were become the Church :  
 Nor stood the Magistrate on higher Ground,  
 In vain to Scripture their Appeals they found,  
 While 'twas the Churches Priv'ledge to expound.  
 Thus (through Indulgence, Fond of such as Reign'd,  
 And through the People's Sloth ) th' Ascendent gain'd,  
 Rome's Prelate topp'd upon her Temp'ral Pow'r,  
 And from her Priest became her Emperor.  
 With artful Baits the Fisher long had fought,  
 And Empire was the Fish at last he caught.  
 But Time, and Breath, and Patience too wou'd fail  
 To count the Steps of this prodigious Scale ;  
 Suffice it, that at first th' Impostor gain'd  
 By Frauds his height, and by worse Frauds maintain'd;  
 Sloth, Ignorance, blind Zeal, and blinder Fear,  
 Combin'd to level Thrones, and mount the Chair.

P H I L A N D E R.

'Twas then th' aspiring Clergy Crown'd their Hope,  
 And form'd their Church-*Leviathan*, a Pope,  
 In whom they still possess the Pow'r they give,  
 Earth's Tyrant, but their Representative.

*PALÆMON.*

'Tis Done, the Ambitious Priest has got the Day,  
 The Prelate Rules, and Princes must Obey ;  
 The Spiritual Lord exalted to the Skies,  
 Looks down, and all the Subject World defies,  
 Does safe his Empyræan Height possess,  
 His only Care to manage his Success ;  
 How to dispense his Beams, to whom be kind,  
 And who shall his Malignant Aspects find :  
 To whom large Territories he shall give,  
 To whom sell Crowns, and whom of Crowns deprive,  
 To Judge who best to Merit does pretend,  
 And Merit is to be the Church's Friend.

*PHILANDER.*

For Crimes so black, that Humane Nature shockt,  
 Unpeopled Earth, and Hell's Plantations stockt ;  
 Th' Indulgence-Shop was ope'd with Pardons stor'd,  
 And to a Friend good pen'orths cou'd afford,  
 At th' old fixt Rates, the rest their Ware must take :

*PALÆMON.*

But if y'are impious for the Churches sake,  
 Ev'n with their Office-Fees they can dispense,  
 They con you Thanks, and Consecrate th' Offence.  
 A Cut-Throat Priest of Murder, cou'd make sport,  
 From Laws protected by the Spiritual Court ;  
 Kings let him Kill, and blackest Treasons Act,  
 His Judges still were Parties in the Fact.

*PHI-*



*PHILANDER.*

What if a Lay-Man did the Priest Offend?

*PALÆMON.*

An injur'd Priest, or who could Wrong pretend,  
Cry'd, Burn the Heretick—the ready Stake  
Forthwith did Pious Reparation make.

*PHILANDER.*

To hurt his Person made the Sentence Just,  
What the Priest said, 'twas Death but to mistrust.

*PALÆMON.*

Fear more than Wit this Tyranny enjoin'd,  
Left the dull Crowd at last the Cheat should find,  
And to requite their gross pernicious Pranks,  
Pull down their Stage, and stone the Mountebanks;  
Dull Souls, with Ease are of their Rights bereav'd,  
But none Revenge, like *Fools*, when undeceiv'd;  
And strongest Stomachs, with large Draughts oppress,  
The last Disgusts, and throws up all the rest:  
Heap Crime on Crime, to keep the Frauds from Air,  
The last of Course must lie expos'd and bare;  
And too much weight o're-throw the Guilty Chair;  
Now Monster, Triple-Crown'd, expect thy Doom,  
*Luther* the *Saxon* Thunder-bolt is come,  
T'Unhinge at once the Babel-Toils of *Rome*.  
For though to Heav'n the threatening Front aspire,  
He'll shew the Wretched Basis laid in Mire  
In Papal Nets, shall Breaches make so wide,  
That Kings and Kingdoms through the Rents shall slide:

That

Then shall *Eusebia*, cloath'd in Truth Divine,  
Her *Roman* Rust fil'd off, the Stars out-shine

*PHILANDER.*

Far must her first Reformers Skill extend,  
To leave succeeding Ages nought to mend.

*PALÆMON.*

I not pretend to Judge, since all confess  
Her Beauty, who except against her Dress,  
Which if she may with Decency neglect  
Or does too much the *Roman* Mode affect;  
I leave her Guides that Question to decide,  
And dare not charge the Sacred Dame with Pride;  
Wou'd see Contention, but not Order cease;  
Order is needful, nor less needful Peace:  
Hope, though unthinking Formalists repine,  
Th' Indulgent Mother will at last encline  
To gratifie her Pious *Constantine*,  
The Hero from Domestick Cares unbind  
To prosecute the Business of Mankind;  
Wave Jealousies, and yield the Trust that's due  
To her kind Patron, and Restorer too;  
Her Sacred Birth-right may she so retain,  
Dissenting Flocks so may her Sheep-Folds gain,  
And leave the baff'd Wolf to grin and howl in vain.

*PHILANDER.*

The Mother still in vain will condescend,  
In vain to wilful Sons her Arms extend,

As the enclines let them Advances make,  
 Beware how Pride for Conscience they mistake;  
 How Uncommision'd Shepherds lead astray,  
 Securely on the wilder'd Sheep to prey?  
 Divided Flocks, but make the Wolf more bold,  
 The greatest Safety's in the common Fold,  
 The Bars remov'd, Compliance mild will show  
 Your Pastors Care, if for Themselves or *You*.  
 Our ablest Guides for Comprehension strive,  
 That Sacred Union may once more revive,  
 None more than He who late the Mitre took,  
 Deserv'dly, as before, He held the Crook,  
 The Skillfulst Text-man at the Shepherd's Book:  
 True to his Function and the Publick-Weal,  
 For which his steady Votes have prov'd his Zeal  
 In each Debate (by Party or Design,  
 Unbias'd) does his Country's Int'rest join,  
 And stamps on State-Decrees a Seal Divine,  
 What Shepherd from his Judgment would divide.  
 What Flock refuse to wait on such a Guide,  
 Whose Truth and Courage has of old been try'd?  
 Whom not the Raging Pestilence could make  
 To flake Attendance, or his Charge forsake;  
 His Sheep to Comfort did their Danger share  
 When Hirelings fled, and for themselves took Care.

*P A L A M O N.*

From hence let *Britain* her new Freedom date,  
 The Church Consenting to Support the State,  
 Since she at last has found a King to Trust,  
 And Worthy *Senate*, who to both are Just.



PHILANDER.

Hail, Generous Patriots, you that poize the Realm!  
 And lest encroaching Waves the State o're-whelm,  
 Bring kind Supplies while *Cæsar* Sits at Helm,  
 In vain th' Oppress'd would call for his Alarms,  
 And Conquest beckon forth his Pious Arms,  
 Unless with *Europe's* Freedom you comply'd;  
*Cæsar* and You must *Europe's* Fate decide,  
 Invading Pow'rs within just limits draw,  
 Teach Tyrants Justice, and Oppressors Law.  
 For though the *Gallick* Pride has swell'd so high,  
 United States and Empire to defie,  
 Stol'n Conquest boast, and Neighbouring Cities hold,  
 The wretched Purchase of extorted Gold,  
 From you, the Tyrant his Just Doom must wait,  
 For *Nero's* Guilt must look for *Nero's* Fate:  
 Ev'n now the State-Magician in his Cell,  
 Sits close contriving some new impious Spell,  
 Which He sends forth his Demons to perform,  
 Well-skill'd to raise, but dares not meet the Storm:  
 'Tis You the Sword must furnish, You must Arm  
 Our Pious Hero to dissolve the Charm.

PALÆMON.

Our Swains o're-joy'd their Senates Conduct see,  
 And carve their Sacred Names on ev'ry Tree,  
 To their disposal yield their Grain and Fleece,  
 A ready Off'ring to their Country's Peace.

## PHILANDER.

Oh ! like our Patriots may our Swains agree !  
 From home-bred Strife, as foreign Dangers free,  
 So shall our Vales resume their former Lays,  
 And Shepherds Skill'd in Song the Consort raise,  
 To celebrate once more our Great Restorer's praise,  
 Employ their Leisure purchas'd by his Toil,  
 In Raptures on *Juverne's* rescu'd Soil.

## PALÆMON.

Repeat, kind Youth, for I o're-heard your Strain  
 Last Night, by Moon-shine, from the dusky Plain,  
 That joins the Copse, my Farms extreamest Bounds,  
 Repeat, for they were more than vulgar sounds,  
 Your Song pursu'd the Hero to the Coast  
 Of moist *Juverne*, where the adverse Host  
 Confus'd, the Mountain Passes did resign,  
 And shew'd their Rear to the disdain'g *Boyne*;  
 On whose steep banks our *British* Troops you left;  
 Of what ensu'd the listning Dales bereft;  
 Nor had retrencht your well-come Notes so soon,  
 If shrill *Lycisca* had not bay'd the Moon.

## PHILANDER.

To happy Swains, that task I must resign,  
 Who sing beneath the Shade of their own Vine,  
 From dewy Morn, and sultry Noon can creep  
 To their cool Sheds, and choose to Pipe or Sleep,  
 With vacant Songs call up the Evening Star,  
 Their Strains may rouse the noble Din of War,

Make

Make Squadrons move, give foaming Steeds the Rein,  
 And trace a Hero through the dusty Plain,  
 Lure hov'ring Conquest down where they encline:  
 Through all you see the gen'rous *Freedom* shine,  
 And what false strokes their Pencil strikes in Heat,  
 Their happy *Leisure* makes correct and great.  
 What can *Philander* do, the wretched Heir  
 Of Thought-confounding Grief, and Slave of Care,  
 To servile Hours of tedious Day confin'd,  
 Expos'd all Night to welter through the Wind,  
 To tend in Sun-burnt Lawn, or thirsty Dale  
 His Master's Flock, and must make good the Tale;  
 How shall the strict *Dametas* be repay'd?  
 Suppose a Milcher stoln, or Firstling stray'd?  
 With Notes refin'd can I repair the Wrong,  
 Or make him Restitution with a Song?  
 'Twas then great *Maro* found the Art to Charm,  
 When He regain'd his Freedom and his Farm,  
 With Meadows, and an Oaten Pipe began,  
 Till warm'd with ripening Beams he sung the *MAN*.  
 Thy poor *Philander* to the Muses Seat  
 By stealth has crept and felt th' Inspiring Heat;  
 Been Midnight-Present at the Sacred Quire,  
 Has seen the Lawrell'd God, and heard his Lyre.  
 In smooth *Pirene* dipt his Fancy's VVing,  
 And tasted of the learn'd *Castalian* Spring.  
 What steals it that he knows his Flow'rs to cull,  
 If rustling Care before his Garland's full  
 Confound the fancy'd Order in a Trice,  
 Moil his clear Spring, and blast his Paradise.



P A L Æ M O N.

Yet has our *Britains Pollio* heard thy Layes.

P H I L A N D E R.

Our *Pollio's* Skill might *Phæbus's* Envy raise,  
 For though the Court be *Pollio's* proper Sphear,  
 Although he shines the brightest Planet there,  
 He thinks no scorn sometimes to cheer the Plain  
 Oft condescends to hear the rural Strain ;  
 Yet *Pollio's* smiles shou'd make no Shepherd vain :  
 My uncouth Muse let gibing Goat-Herds laugh  
 To Death, and *Codrus* write her Epitaph,  
 If *Pollio's* Goodness she so far abuse,  
 Or Ween He *likes* because he does *Excuse*.  
 On *VVirs* steep Heights he sits the Ruling God,  
 Those Heights which by Himself alone are trod,  
 Yet thence vouchsafe's his Gentle Beams to throw,  
 And pitty's all the panting Crowd below.

P A L Æ M O N.

Yet *William's* Praise no Shepherd can refuse,  
 And Fortune may assist the daring Muse,  
 Deep sense of Duty, and immense Desire  
 Can make the Pipe keep Consort with the Lyre,  
 The Vanquish'd *Boyne* and *Shannon* will inspire.

P H I L A N D E R.

*VV*hen next we meet expect the *Silvan* Rhime,  
 Night hastens, and 'tis now my Folding time ;  
 The winding Song will ask your Leisure's leave,  
 Employ your Patience, though your Hopes deceive.

The

The Daring Muse unbeaten Paths shall tread,  
 In Visionary Dreams of Rapture led,  
 Descend into the Regions of the Dead,  
*Elysian* Bow'rs, where *Waller's* well-tun'd Lyre,  
 The Art of Numbers shall instruct the Quire,  
 Where *Milton* on Eternal Roses lies,  
 Deep wrapt in Dreams of his own Paradise:  
 Th' advent'rous Muse, with this kind Vision charm'd,  
 And dear Concern for her lov'd Country warm'd  
 Of Secrets that to *Britain's* Peace belong,  
 Shall question Fate, consult the Sacred Throng,  
 And through the dang'rous Course—  
 The Learn'd *Couleian* Shade direct her Song,  
 The Victor Crown, and to reward their Pain,  
 Embalm and Consecrate the noble Slain,  
 If that low Pitch to which my Voice can rise,  
 May reach such Theams, and rural Notes suffice  
 To please the Plain, is all my Hopes pursue:  
 The Palace has already had its due.

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F I N I S.

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